

FEMININE SCORES

Bicycle Records Craved for by Newport's Fair Dames.

MISS FAIR IN THE LEAD.

Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt Has Entered the Lists with New Wheels and French Costumes—Mrs. C. W. S. Records—As to Costumes.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEWPORT, R. I., July 19.—While the rest of the bicycling world is laughing at the much-talked about records of Mrs. Henry C. S. and Miss Virginia Fair over the ten-mile course around Bellevue avenue, the up-to-date colony of the City by the Sea honestly regard the performances of these ladies as remarkable.

For those who are unacquainted with the great bicycling feats of the two ladies, it will be necessary to state that Mrs. C. S. took her lessons in a fashionable New York academy all last winter, and when she arrived at her Newport house, a few weeks ago, became fired with an ambition to do some scorching. Before her marriage to the

marble palace it is declared that she will soon make an effort to lower the record. Six bicycles have already been delivered at the palace. One is for the mistress, another for Miss Consuelo, a third for Willie K. Jr., and the other three for grooms. Right here it should be said that all the grooms employed in the fine Newport houses are now as expert with the wheel as they are in managing horses. A groom who is not a clever bicyclist finds his avocation gone. He must also understand the mechanism of the wheel, so that in event of any accident he can speedily make the necessary repairs.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is a clever rider, and is a bloomerite in a modified way. When in Paris recently she purchased several suits for herself and daughter. They are not as daring as the typical French biking suit, but were fashioned to conform with the less advanced American idea. The only one that she has yet been seen in is of dust-colored cloth, and the skirts of the coat are so long that little of the legs are visible. If Mrs. Vanderbilt succeeds in lowering Miss Fair's record the latter will again do some scorching.

Perhaps before the season is over the society record for the distance will be thirty minutes. There are a number of Tuxedo girls who claim that they can do twenty miles an hour. Some of these girls will be at Narragansett, and when the gay season there is in full swing all records will be smashed to smithereens.

Coming back to the servants of the "cycling swells" the grooms are not the only ones affected by the fever. The trim French maids have had to take an extra course since the bicycle became the fashion. For there is the new safety costume, which is warranted not to become disarranged in the stiff breeze and the

being emblazoned on the silver name of the bicycle is used. Miss Fair's is "Fleetwing," probably from her pet name, Birdie.

Mr. J. V. Van Allen has the name "Wakehurst" on the half dozen or more wheels he owns. It is now the proper thing for the hosts of the large summer houses to keep a dozen wheels on hand for the use of guests. This is really much cheaper than the old way, when a man had to keep twenty or thirty fine riding and driving horses in his stables so that a household of people could be supplied if need be.

None of the swapper folk have yet gone to the point where a private bicycle track has been built on their grounds, but this step is only a question of time, if the rivalry of records continues to grow at the present rate. Then, instead of the plénies made popular by the late Ward McAllister, the outdoor function will be bicycle races. Certainly with such riders as Miss Fair, Mrs. C. S., and Mrs. Vanderbilt as contestants the sport will have reached a high plane.

It has been rumored here that Lillian Russell will spend a portion of the season at Narragansett. She has been riding only these months, but has already displayed a rare turn of speed. She possesses the faculty, not often seen in women riders, of being able to keep her wheel from wobbling. She also has good nerves and can maintain a steady hand, a considerable time. If she should try for the Bellevue record it would certainly make a sensation.

FANNIE T. PHARE.

FUN FOR THE THIN OFFICE-BOY.

A Roll of Confederate Bills, Two Crooks, and a Sequel by Police.

"Not all the bouncers that loaf away these warm days on the City Hall Park benches are mere tramps. There is an occasional crook among them with an eye open for business. This was discovered by the thin office boy one day last week.

The thin office boy had recently come in possession of several hundred dollars in imitation Confederate money got out by a firm for advertising purposes. This he rolled up, securing it with a rubber band, and shoved it into his lower waistcoat pocket, letting the top of the roll protrude alluringly. To all appearances the thin office boy was a gentleman of means and leisure out for a stroll in City Hall Park.

This idea probably struck two men lounging on a bench, for they arose and followed the possessor of the bills. One was a short, dark man, the other a tall, blonde man. Neither of them could have entered the dude's challenge competition for the best-dressed man in New York. Now, the thin office boy is known on Park Row as a "dead end" kid, and he took him a very small portion of a moment to make up his mind that the men were following him on the trail of the roll of bills. This amused him. His own roll was deep in his trousers pocket, so he determined to give the men a chance. A crowd of boys playing craps at the corner of Broadway and Wall street, just at the end of the post-office, attracted his attention, and he stopped to watch them. The two men stopped also, and began skylarking all the time drawing nearer. When they were quite near the thin office boy started on, and as he did so the small man ran into him, knocking him heavily over against the big man, who lost no time in transferring the wad of bills to his own pocket.

"Can't you look where you're going?" asked the thin office boy indignantly, but not too indignantly, for he didn't want to get into a fight.

Instead of replying the tall man fled with great rapidity toward Park Row, while his companion slouched around the corner. Thereupon the thin office boy leaped up against the postman and confronted himself with wrath until he grew breathless and blue in the face, and fell upon the ground and rolled, to the alarm of a crowd who gathered about and expressed the opinion that he had cholera, hydrophobia, fits, sunstroke, lockjaw, neuritis, apoplexy, epilepsy, and other ills. But a dear old lady came forward, put a bottle of smelling salts under his nose, and said, consolingly:

"Never mind, my boy, the ambulance will be here soon."

The strength of the smelling salts affected the sufferer like a brick applied with force to the back of the neck, and he arose, realizing that it was time to go. But when he returned to the office he was still weak from excess of mirth. Next day the police reports stated that a poorly-dressed man had fallen in a fit in a park, and just as he was about to pay for a drink.

The thin office boy thinks that it was his robber.

The True Virginia Cavalier.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I notice in your issue of last Sunday that you publish an article in regard to the erection of a monument to the "Virginia Cavalier"; and that the names of Charles H. and Berkeley are suggested as being typical cavaliers of the Old Dominion; and that the plan proposed contemplates that a statue of the "Merry Monarch" or of the noted old King's man be set up as a memorial of that splendid, dashing, bold, and celebrated historic character—the Cavalier of Virginia.

I take it that the Cavaliers of Virginia were not necessarily adherents of the King in all things, because we find that many of them during the civil war in England and the War of the Revolution of 1776 were in open opposition to the Crown—among the most conspicuous being the Lees, the Penningtons, the Randolphs, Masons, and others. The Cavaliers were the people of England that were opposed to the Puritans. They were the same in Virginia. The name represents a distinctive element in the English society, and not merely the followers of the House of Stuart.

Believing this to be true, I would suggest a Cavalier sans peur et sans reproche—one of the noblest names in Virginia annals, whose statue should be erected as the Cavalier of Virginia—Nat Bacon. His blood flowed from the purest fountain of English nobility; warmed a true and exalted heart, and fired a lofty and inspired spirit. He also first conceived the independence and freedom of this country, his tongue first spoke in the cause of her liberty, and his arm first struck in her defence. Virginia never had, in all the long list of her glorious gentlemen, a truer and grander son, and she should raise his name and fame out of the dust of antique days to the glory and recognition of her people. His figure in bronze, called from the past, with all of its rich memories and hallowed inspirations, draped in the garb of his time and station by the magic skill and power of our Valentine (and it would be a work of love to him, I am assured, as he is an ardent admirer of the "Virginia Rebel" as all who know his history must be), would present a typical Cavalier of the Old Dominion, and would be a perpetual lesson to the people of the glory and excellence of wisdom, courage, leadership, and sacrifice in the cause of liberty.

Let us not have Berkeley—much less Charles (the tyrants and oppressors)—but Nat Bacon—the liberty-lover, the patriot, and yet the best of all—the most admirable Cavalier of our continent.

D. L. P.

A Photographic Charade.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

My FIRST and SECOND recall In southern homes the shade Sometimes of a good old negro nurse, Sometimes of a mother's maid.

No cabin boy, no kitchen maid, And round the fireside of home The name was often heard.

I was very much distressed This morning when I heard Your Cousin John had lost his place For getting on a THIRD.

I never liked to hear his talk Of sewing his wild cats, And always thought he wasted time On bandy, ball, and boats.

My WHOLE is a happy conceit, Expressed in prose or verse, Where sparkling wit and humor meet In language quaint and terse.

—Y. H. D.



PUTTING THEM ON.

New York banker she was the belle of Kookuk, Ia., a place that seldom sees her nowadays. But the breeze of the western plains gave her a vigorous constitution, which in these days of athletic womanhood counts for a good deal in the social world. Mrs. C. S. has a grown daughter, Miss Bessie, who has been "out" several seasons. It would be almost unkind to say that the lady has almost passed the 30-year milestone of life, particularly as she doesn't look more than 20.

After several days' riding with a groom as pacesetter, Mrs. C. S. made the race, and did the ten miles in an even hour. This record created a great furor among the other ladies of her set, and many tried to beat the record, but all failed until Miss Virginia Fair. She was induced to make a trial. Miss Fair is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, and she has the advantage of being coached by Mr. Oelrichs, one of the finest all-around athletes in the country. The fact that Mr. Oelrichs once won the Sullivan to box him in a private room shows that he is not an athlete of the second rate, particularly as he is

HOW SHE DRESSES. Miss Fair is short and round and plump, and she is a thing of beauty when she starts for her daily spin. First of all, after her morning dip and massage, she dons an undergarment of heavily-ribbed gray silk. Over this her maid arranges a skirt of gray silk, and the very full bloomers of gray tweed, which are warranted not to show a speck of dust, no matter how long and hot the ride.

Her trimly-fitting leggings of gray suede are just the color and scarcely thicker than the long, loosely-fitting gloves she wears. For covering her pretty head she has bicycling caps, which can only be distinguished from yachting headgear by the absence of anchors and the presence of tiny gold and silver wrought miniature wheels.

A long sack coat of tweed, silk lined, is always carried closely wrapped and strapped in front of the wheel, to be



MISS FAIR SCORCHING.

Fellow," who was then in the heyday of his glory, declined, sensibly saying that he had nothing to gain and everything to lose by such an encounter. Miss Fair made her trial under business-like conditions. She had Calvin S. Brice, Jr., a very fair rider, to act as pacesetter, and the ten miles were covered in fifty-five minutes. What is more, Miss Fair declares that she did not tire, and could easily make a record of forty minutes, and perhaps thirty-five.

MRS. VANDERBILT TO TRY IT.

Since Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, the

widow of William K. Vanderbilt, has

GOETHE AT WEIMAR

Many Interesting Relics There of the Great Poet.

HOW HE LABORED AND RECEIVED

His Living Rooms Are Just as They Were on the Day He Died—Their Spartan Simplicity—Art Works and Books.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

WEIMAR, July 19.—Few of the thousands of Americans who annually make a European pilgrimage visit this little quaint, German town, yet it would be well worth the trouble. For it was here that the noble Goethe lived and worked for fifty-six years. If you care to hunt through the city and discover some of the oldest of its inhabitants, men and women can be found who knew the great poet, and each one of them will greedily tell some little story about him.

When Goethe first took up his abode here he lived in a small house, cramped and unpretentious. For six years he made this his home, and then, at the earnest solicitations of his friends,

he moved into a house more magnificent in its proportions and more in keeping with the man. It was in May of 1783 that he took possession of his new home, and he lived there continuously until his death, in March of 1832. This house was built in 1782, and at the time Goethe moved into it, it was by far the finest dwelling in the place. Within the past ten years the government secured the house, which is maintained as a national museum. Everything in it is carefully guarded, and all the rooms frequented by Goethe are just as he left them at his death, more than sixty years ago.

WHAT THE HOUSE IS LIKE.

The house is a vast structure, almost two hundred feet in width. There is a large carriage-door on either side of the main building, making it possible to drive in at one door and passing around through the rear courtyard, out at the other.

This courtyard is part of an extensive garden, upon which the rear of the house faces. There is a queer little building in it, connected by a stairway with the main house. Goethe's own rooms were in this little house, and for nearly thirty years his servant left them. Only his secretaries and servant were permitted to enter the house, and, if by any means a visitor penetrated to its mysteries, the displeasure of the owner was soon felt.

Much of the interior of the main dwelling was altered under Goethe's direction. Shortly before moving into the house he had made a tour of Italy, and was much impressed by the magnificent approach to the old Italian palace. To the right of the main hall, which opens upon the street, is a fine staircase planned by Goethe. The steps are broad and shallow, and the walls are covered with

colts, etchings, and engravings, medals and plaques, vases, and bits of china of rare makes. Two little rooms near the dining-room are filled with these valuables. It took wonderful patience and study to unscramble them in Goethe's time, and they compare favorably with many of the great modern collections of similar curios.

The little house in which Goethe worked, slept, and died is the very interesting part of the dwelling, everything being left exactly as it was on the day of his death.

The rooms are approached by a small staircase from the first landing of the grand approach. The tiny vestibule contains the old clock of the family house at Frankfurt, given to Goethe by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg on the fiftieth anniversary of his first arrival at Weimar.

The other rooms consist of a library, a work-room, a tiny bedroom, little larger than a cupboard, and a room for Goethe's servant beyond. The library is fitted up with plain deal shelves, covered with books, mostly in paper covers. There are about six thousand of them, but it is impossible to examine them closely.

The work-room has a bare floor and two small windows, looking into the garden. There is a round table in the middle, with no tablecloth, a chair on either side for Goethe's secretaries—for Goethe himself rarely sat down, and in his later years wrote nothing himself.

He walked about dictating to his secretaries. There are many reminders of Napoleon in this room. Goethe bowed down to the grandeur of Napoleon, regarding him as the greatest marvel of the age.

HER ENGLISH HOME.

Eugenie's English home is where she spends most of her time, for there are her treasures, the emblems with which she rears her head, and the radiant glories of the past. She has a beautiful villa on the French part of the Riviera, at Cape St. Martin, where she spends the winter months. Her English home at Farnborough is about an hour's ride from London, and is close to Alderhot and Sandhurst. It is in one of the prettiest districts of England. From the small railway station can be seen the spires of St. Michael's church, which is really a great masterpiece, for there lie the bones of the last Emperor Napoleon and of the Prince Imperial, the only son of Eugenie, killed by the Zulus in the African campaign.

This was the sorrow which robbed the world of its loveliness for the ex-empress. She could stand the disgrace and humiliation of being driven from the throne of France, and the death in exile of her stupid, but adoring husband, but when her great pride was slain thousands of miles away by the savages of Africa, that was the end of all earthly things for her.

A ROYAL RECLUSE.

Her home at Farnborough is a magnificent one, for Eugenie is rich. She has a large income, and still has a collection of jewels second to none in Europe. She has few visitors. When her health was more vigorous Queen Victoria often called upon the ex-empress.

GOETHE'S BEDROOM, SHOWING THE ARM-CHAIR IN WHICH HE DIED.

The bedroom is scarcely more than a closet. A papered door leads from the work-room to this sleeping apartment. On the other side is the room that was occupied by Goethe's servant. A tall, padded arm-chair stands by the bed. It was in this chair that Goethe breathed his last. A small table between the door and the chair still holds the cup out of which he last drank, a sponge and small wash basin, and a few other small articles. All of these are religiously kept just where they were when he died. The footstool is in the same place and the same bed-clothing is still on the narrow, high bed.

In the coach-house, opening into the garden, is the great cumbersome coach in which Goethe used to ride about the town. What is more, Weimar has an old man who once repaired this coach in Goethe's time, and he visits it at short intervals now to see that it is kept in condition. If it continues to have the same good care it will last many generations, as it looks strong now.

THE JUNO ROOM.

The Juno room is on the opposite side of the dining-room. It takes its name from a colossal bust of the Ludovisi Juno, which stands on a pedestal near the door. On the other side of the door is a corner in the piano on which the little boy Mendelssohn played.

Goethe had the boy there to pay for his friends, notably when royalty came to see him. The Juno room connects with the Urbino room, so

comes from an old Italian portrait hanging there of one of the dukes of Urbino.

GOETHE'S LIVING ROOMS.

A passage runs from the Urbino room to the living rooms of Goethe, and this passage was used by the great man more



SECTION OF THE JUNO ROOM.

than any other in the main house. He was fond of making a dramatic entrance to the room when many visitors were there. The little sliding door was pushed back quickly, and the tall figure of Goethe, clad in his court costume and stars, would suddenly appear.

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EX-QUEENS IN EXILE.

Eugenie, Racked With Rheumatism, Leads a Sorrowful Life.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY ISABELLA.

A Very Striking Contrast—Spain's Former Queen Enjoys Life in Paris—The Banished Orleansists Look Down Upon Eugenie.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

The exiled queens of Europe form a pathetic picture, particularly to the monarchs of the nations where the march of progress is hurrying toward the realm of republicanism. A hundred years from now the exiled kings and queens and throne-claimants generally will form an extensive colony somewhere—perhaps in this broad-minded country of ours, where the king and the peasant can rub shoulders if they will, with no one to worry much about it.

All the queen exiles are connected with France in some way or other. Eugenie, the wife of the late reigning Napoleon, lives in England. So does the Countess of Paris, who regards herself by Divine right Queen of France. Old Isabella, the ex-Queen of Spain, lives in Paris. Ex-Queen Natalie, of Serbia, for a long time lived in Paris during her exile, but she is now tolerated by her son, the present King, to live in the country which she once helped to rule.

Eugenie is by far the most interesting of these exiles. She can go to Paris if she wills, for the French have forgotten

Countess of Paris.

saving mass, are arrayed in gorgeous robes, covered with rare laces, given by Eugenie.

KNOWN AS COMTESSE DE PIERRRE.

FOND.

The Empress is officially known as Comtesse de Pierrrefond. When she travels her papers are always made out in this name. The papers also include the facts that she was born in Grenada, Spain, that she was naturalized in France, and travels with two friends and four servants.

A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY EXILE.

A far different exile is the ex-Queen Isabella, grandmother of the present King of Spain. The career of State never sat heavily upon her happy go-lucky head. She gets just as much pleasure out of life as an ex-queen at queen; but for that matter, she never allowed her position to interfere with her comfort.

In fact, had this old lady been more careful of her reputation, she might now be an honored personage at the Court of Spain.

The reigning Spanish family is Bourbon, and, as the widow of a Bourbon ruler, the French aristocrats forget the many lapses of the ex-Queen, and make life very pleasant for her. She is the mother of the Infanta Eulalia, who was crowned in the summer of 1883, as the Spanish representative at the World's Fair and Columbian Celebration in New York.

The old ex-Queen occasionally visits England, and in intimate terms with the Orleansists, who are here. She is related to the Countess of Paris, whose daughter, the Princess Helene, of Orleans, was recently married to the Duke of Aosta.

AN EXILE WHO NEVER RICHENED.

The Countess has an interesting exile. She was never rich upon the throne of France, and rather strangely, looked down upon the ex-empress Eugenie at part and parcel of the Napoleonists which so often proved dangerous to the house of Bourbon.

The Countess never expects to see the family restored to its old-time glory on French soil, although her son, famous as the Duke of Orleans, does. He is capable of any folly to get back to France, and has already been in prison for breaking his exile. The young man has surrounded himself with a large number of impoverished and broken-down sprigs of French nobility, and supports a kind of farce comedy court in London.

His mother is a fine, sensible woman, somewhat inclined to be masculine. She is one of the best cross-country riders in England, and though long past the age when women usually engage in outdoor sports, is as keen a huntswoman as any in the British Isles.

Some House, her home, is one of the most magnificent country places in England. She is the possessor of a great fortune, and is a favorite with the English nobility and royalty, as well as with